the lion

Saint Leo College Saint Leo, Florida

Vol. 2, No. 2 October 15, 1969

A VOICE CRYING IN THE WILDERNESS:
Hoping To Be Understood

Just how free are the students at St. Leo College? Over and over one hears the sickening whine of the administration that whenever freedoms are granted to students, they fail to accept the responsibilities that go with them. How much truth is contained in this trite phrase behind which our administrators lie? Why is it that so many supposedly "involved" and "concerned" students are so easily persuaded by this conclusion of these old men without further question nor the least intimation of insight into this most important problem?

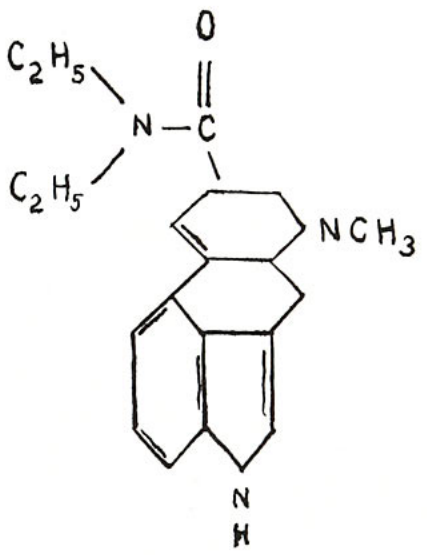
Some insight might be gained from words uttered by these funny old men who call themselves "mature", "liberal", "moderate" and other such self-limiting labels. These are the people who have lost the joys of life and forgotten the thrills of love, emotionally as well as physically. These people have been mortally wounded by life and have lost the inner security that comes from really digging life in all its aspects. As a result, they have to wrap themselves up in their own little blankets of security, in effect, their own little worlds and woe to those who may consciously or unconsciously attempt to invade the privacy of those little niches into which they have retreated.

As I have said, these are very funny people, because once they get inside their little worlds with their armies and teachers (brain-police), they feel perfectly safe to **act** any way they want. From this vantage point they can **tell** us to be mature, honest, non-violent, and clean of body and mind, while inside their little blankets they hoard a wealth of dishonest tax returns and business transactions, bombs and missiles, office parties and toilet jokes (if there be anything dirty or funny about their toilets). Then, when they are ready to make the final scene, they make a quick sign of the cross and dump their little blanket goodies into our laps (along with the blankets). In the meantime, they have not failed to prepare us for our turn at this little game which they mistakenly call "life".

Many methods are used to prepare and condition us to accept these goodies without question. The most obvious one in this country is, of course, Madison Avenue. They make us so sex-conscious without really showing us the facts of **love**, throw so many sex idols at us, and so frustrate us in our crude attempts to experiment, that many if not most of us are ready and willing to pick up that "great equalizer" (with all its Freudian implications), march off to the jungles of Vietnam and help reinforce the shattered egoes of those funny old men back home.

Madison Avenue is only the most blatant of these methods, and as a result, not by far the most dangerous. The most dangerous is perhaps that institution found in the more "advanced" countries which goes by the misleading name of "education". It may be the most dangerous because it is the most devious. The word "educate" originally came from the Greek, meaning to **bring out**. This contradicts the nature of the modern education machine, which is geared to do just the opposite, that is to **put in** or to program us much as one would a computer. The impact of this is hardly yet felt at St. Leo College, as the administration does everything possible to soften the impact. One way this is accomplished is by turning our attention away from the basic nature of the problem and focusing it on short-term "objectives". This is basically because their minds too are clouded with "objectives". They say we are immoral because we are curious about ourselves and concerned with the present and the here-and-now. They want us focused on future "objectives", on what **should** be instead of what **is**. They actually believe that they can give us their experience simply by **telling** it to us (and then only the "good" parts). They steadfastly refuse to come out of their blankets and respond when we beg them to "tell it like it is." It is here that we receive frustration and eventually anger when we constantly run up against the wall of no response (yes, teachers and administrators, you **too** are ruled by your theories of human behavior. Frightening, isn't it?). Failing to get response from our "leaders", we turned to our brothers in the ghettoes. Our black brothers were very well experienced in matters of "the wall" and were quick to turn us on to their music, their warmth, and their grass.

That was it, our magic catalyst. While you were wallowing about in your blankets like pigs in slop, we were turning on to love and beauty and being abused for it. We were experienceing what you could never find it in your hearts to say. With the first taste of "Puff the Magic Dragon", our view of a very basic thing changed, **time**! We now knew what the Easterns had meant by the "Eternal Now" and saw that it was all within us. We were intoxicated with the beauty and splendor of our world and laughed till we cried at nothing and at everything. Our faces were now turned to the East and the



The good ship "Lysergius" which still carries many on circumuniversal trips

rays of the rising sun fell on our faces and beckoned us. We flew over the vast Atlantic upon our Magic Dragon and the oppressed brothers of India introduced to the mother of Puff, the beautiful lady Hashish. She was a smooth and gentle lady who warmly guided us back to our own Mother country. Some of us came by the Western route, back the way we came, but most of us continued onward, completing our Revolution, and landing amidst the vast natural beauty of the Western coast. We saw enormous mountain peaks and unworldly Redwoods pointing the way upward and we were not long reunited with our Mother country. We had completed one Revolution to the East and had become brothers of all humanity, but now the direction indicated was toward the moon, Saturn, Jupiter, and beyond the infinite. We made haste to prepare for the trip, and saw that our first step was to become reacquainted with our brothers at home. The most friendly and helpful among them were the oppressed American Indians. These were the oldest and wisest among our American brothers and the most experienced when it came to matters of "the wall". They showed us how to live with, love, and understand the land. They pointed to the heavens and introduced us to the constellations which were to be our guides when we embarked upon our trip; and finally, they introduced us to the glorious mushroom. Like a beautiful baloon, the mushroom carried us up, up and away and we drifted once more even higher above the clouds. But the air of mother Earth never left our nostrils and her pull on us was strong. We looked down and saw more of our brothers, perhaps more oppressed than the others. Their skin was white, their clothes were new, and their bodies were clean and well-fed, but their spirits were depressed. The sight of these depressed souls again brought us down, and while we walked amongst them we preached to them of Puff, of the East and of the Indians, and we administered to them the sacraments of salvation. And when their spirits were sufficiently lifted, they returned to us many times what we had given them out of love. Together with our new brothers, we searched for the essence of their technology and found it in Chemistry. We took our friend the chemist for a ride upon our beautiful baloon, and when high above the clouds, he looked down and saw the East and the West. He saw the mountains and the pointing trees; then he looked upon us with an encouraging smile which told us that he knew of our longings and that the longings of our hearts were the longings of his. Our new-found brother built for us a new ship of solid chemical structure which carried us safely through the universe, beyond the infinite, and at the farthest imaginable distance, we were deposited roughly but safely on earth.

Like **Candy** we drifted down from the heavens and came to rest upon the soft, warm bosom of Mother Earth. We had now completed one more revolution, a revolution of the Universe, and we were now truly children of the Universe. And children we still are, we are back again among our dearly beloved brothers and sisters of the Universe, Earth, Country and Family. We are back again among the brothers and sisters of the Abbey; and we are back again with our fellow students.

How free are the students at St. Leo? No freer than the faculty and administrators who wish to help guide them.

The Lion

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Editor in Chief . . . . . C. Thomas Truelson
Associate Editor . . . . . Noreen Fox
Sports Editor . . . . . Greg Steltner
Advisor — Mr. Robert Hall
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Time For Change

From the beginning, man has evolved. Organizations and institutions, products of man and guided by man, have also evolved from their conception to the present. Charles Darwin, in his **Origin of Species**, said that survival belonged to the fittest. Man, his organizations and institutions–in order to survive–have had to keep pace with the ever changing world in which they have existed. If they didn't, they simply passed to the side or were obliterated by the world's progressive movements.

Saint Leo, the opaque college to which we belong, is currently in the vulnerable state of being either passed to the side or being obliterated by the present conditions of the world in which it exists. As stated in the last edition of **The Lion**, Saint Leo College is rapidly fading into oblivion and unless it starts to change the archaic rules and regulations that it has imposed upon the students, it will stop fading and become that which used to be.

The purpose of this editorial is to make our administrators aware of those areas that govern student life that must be changed immediately if Saint Leo is going to continue to be called a college. The following areas are those that **The Lion** feels must be changed now.

Women's Curfew

The curfew imposed upon the women of Saint Leo College is not only an obsolete college regulation but it is also an infringement upon the women's rights as mature individuals. In a sampling of American colleges and universities, **The Lion** found that only freshmen were affected by those institutions which still employed a curfew. Sophomores, juniors and seniors had either self-regulating hours or had a key to the main door of the dormitory in which they lived.

Curfew, as defined by **The Random House Dictionary of the English Language**, is an order establishing a specific time in the evening after which certain regulations apply, as that no **children** may still be outdoors. The key word in this definition is children and it is like children that Saint Leo is treating the women of this campus. Under the present system, only those women that are either 21 or have a grade point average of 3.00 are allowed to have self-regulating hours. This is unfair. Saint Leo should abolish the women's curfew completely–it's time that Saint Leo stops running a baby sitting agency for high school graduates.

Freshman Cars

Since sophomores, juniors and seniors are allowed to have cars, so should freshmen. St. Leo College is situated in such an area that students need transportation in order to live a somewhat normal college life. For freshmen, the first year of college is an adjustment period, but at St. Leo it is also a period of confinement.

If the parents of freshmen allowed their sons or daughters to have a car while in high school, St. Leo should allow them to have a car when they first come to college.

Student Service

"The Student Service Program is unique to Saint Leo College," so states the **Student Handbook. The Lion** says that Student Service is unique, it's unique, it's unique, it's unique, it's unique – it should be abolished . . .

The Lion's editorial "Thanks, St. Leo!" (Oct. 1, 1969) expressed our views concerning visitation, therefore, no remarks will be given at this time on the lack of a visitation program at St. Leo. If the college does not start taking the necessary steps to initiate a visitation program, **The Lion** will be heard from.

The areas mentioned in this editorial are not the only areas that must be changed but are those areas that can be changed immediately – just like that!

St. Leo, please become aware of the world in which you exist before it is too late and you no longer exist.

The Lion's Forum

In that the pen is mightier than the sword, why not invest six cents in a postcard and in conjunction with the October 15 moratorium, encourage our congressmen who would stop the butchery we perpetuate under the guise of patriotism. Address your postcards to:

The Hon. Charles E. Goodell
United States Senate
Longthworth Building
Washington, D.C.

Margaret Gappa

In reference to your editorial "Thanks, St. Leo!" in your issue dated October 1, 1969, I have this comment: "Aw, come off it, kiddies." Let's not try to give the impression of maturity when you're so immature. The minute you're back on campus you litter the entire stretch of the highway where your bachelor quarters are located with cans and bottles of all sorts and sizes. And motorists don't have to dodge only the broken glass. They have also to dodge the hot loving couples parked half in the groves and half on the road.

I'm strictly for freedom, babies. But when you morons mess up what you've got and ask for more, I think your logic is warped.

So I suggest you knock it off and act like what you're supposed to be. Then you'll have a logical reason for asking for more. If you can't carry your liquor and your pot, then don't go around crying in your hangovers.

Brother Bernard, OSB

Within the last week a number of student automobiles have been vandalized in the well lighted, security patroled wilderness parking lot behind the tri-dorm complex.

What we would like to know is how can one of Flash's boys see the parking lot as he lines up the eight ball in the cage. On numerous occasions, we have seen an on-duty officer taking the place of a paying customer at The Cage. Since when is a pool cue part of the standard equipment for a St. Leo officer? It is our opinion, that keeping watch over the grounds is more important than improving his game.

Is this what we are paying for?

WVG & JAD

More On Change

"American higher education is thoroughly capable of adapting to fundamental change, if only it will. It is a pity that those of us involved must be scared into change by outbreaks of anarchy. It is a pity we cannot more willingly take advantage of the fluidity of our times, the availability of resources, the vitality and engagement of our students, and the bewilderment of a society in the throes of revolutionary change. It is a pity we cannot show intellectual initiative rather than panic and rigidity when the need is so great and the possibilities so abundant." A quote from Judson Jerome in **Change** magazine.

Does this sound familiar? Does this sound like the stifling administration we have here at St. Leo College? I think it does.

I sometimes wonder how long St. Leo College will adhere to its 19th century philosophy. The school was basically founded by the monastary in 1889. But this is 1969, or has everybody forgotten? The school itself is not run by the monastary anymore, yet we adhere to its philosophy. This philosophy is not really a bad one–for monks. But I want an education and I want an atmosphere that is conducive to the modern times, not one of a monastary.

When a philosophy is not progressive it is regressive. When will our administration realize that it is not progressive? There is a general criticism that the students here at St. Leo are stagnant. Could the real answer be that our stagnant administration is stopping any progress that could be made by our students. There is a definite potential here in our students. Should we let the administration keep on brainwashing us that we don't really have this potential. Tradition has its place, but once it stops any progress for changes, then it is a false presumption which must be kicked out the window.

The obvious question of course is what can be done? Change, yes, but meaningful change. So far, one of the most prominant changes that the S.G.A. has been able to accomplish is the changing of the men's dress code. I ask you, how small is this question, really? Does it enhance the status of the school? Look at the trouble that we had in even getting this small concession. We shouldn't have to fight for these small picayune things. These would come virtually automatically–if we had a progressive administration. What is going to happen when students ask for some real changes?

Wake up people! Listen! There are some people around here who just might have something worthwhile to say. Don't fool yourselves–the S.G.A. as it stands now is only a token gesture. Let's make it a real voice of the students.

If you get stepped on–get up! You won't be the first one around here to get stepped on and kicked about. Get up and fight for what you know is right.

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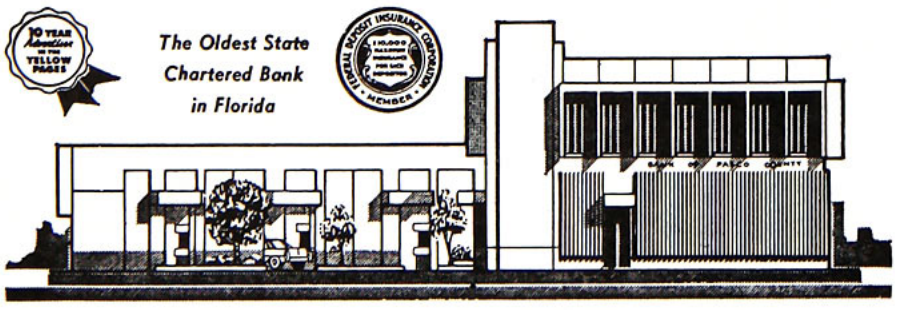

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DIRT

By Perry & Dick

Is St. Leo's athletic department gay or is it just happy?

Student Government presidents neither die nor fade away—they just become members of the administration.

The boys of St. Charles Hall live like monks—they monkey with this and they monkey with that.

DIRT'S quote of the week—"I never pat myself on the back."

Dean Kaye

God did so love St. Leo College that He gave it Father Fidelis.

Rumor has it that Tim Crosby knows what day it is.

Perry: "Did you hear the latest news?"

Dick: "What news?"

Perry: "St. Leo has a new sorority."

Dick: "Oh, yeah! What's it called?"

Perry: "Sigma Lambda!"

The only thing lacking in Alpha Sigma is another S.

DIRT'S song of the week, "Nowhere Man," goes out to D.J. Harrington where ever he is.

Perry: "Have you seen the new talking dolls that they're selling in the campus store?"

Dick: "No, I haven't. What's the doll say?"

Perry: "I'm great, I'm great, I'm great."

Dick: "What does this doll look like?"

Perry: "Angelo Zingales!"

Will the real groovy Lucy please stand-up?

Mrs. Fowler, your ankles are showing.

DIRT'S dictionary defines "legs" as that which girls show off in order to get on with the show.

DIRT'S helpful hint to all—"Don't make what you can't take."

I.F.S.C.—we love you.

Announcement—Perry & Dick will appear in concert, live and in person, sometime in the near future. Our concert will have an X rating. For more information, keep in touch with DIRT.

Remember, flirt rhymes with dirt.

Dr. and Mrs. Dwayne Deal, Dade City, have contributed their orchid hothouse together with a collection of 1300 orchid plants to St. Leo College. The hothouse includes complete equipment including propagating machinery. The collection of orchids was acquired by Dr. and Mrs. Deal over a period of five years.

Grog's Grunts & Groans

by Greg Steltner

Well fans here I am back again. I don't know if you like it or not but that's your problem.

The Mets are National League Champions but not to my surprise. If you read my last column you know the Mets will win the Series. Some fool accused me of being prejudiced in my selection but at least he can't say I've been wrong. I would like to meet the mastermind who said the Mets could not hit. I hope for his sake he didn't put his money where his mouth was cause if he did, right now if it cost him a nickel to deficate he'd have to puke. Now the only question in my mind is, "Will the Mets take it in four?" I think they just might.

Well Packers fans, it's too bad you got all psyched over Green Bay's two straight wins but just to remind you, they lost last week. I won't say the Packers are dead only let me rephrase it a little. The Pack just ain't coming back. Too bad Packer fans, but you could always move to New York and root for the World Champions.

Is it true that you Packer fans thought that the Chicago Cubs would win the World Series in 69? Never but never underestimate a New York team.

The fraternities started their football season last weekend. It looks like the year for Phi Theta Chi.

The pro-basketball season is rapidly approaching. Although being a follower of the Celtics all my life, I think we all better keep an eye out for the Knicks and the Lakers.

Just a little note on the Soccer team. I know they're not having one of their greatest seasons but I know a lot more student support would help their cause quite a bit.

Did you know that Coach Bill Meyer "thought" the Cubs were better than the Mets but now he thinks the Mets will take the Orioles. He might as well join the crowd now. It's always better late than never . . . Sorry Coach, I just couldn't resist it.

Did you know that one of our basketball players, Pat Monoque, has four nicknames. Only his hairdresser knows for sure.

Well fans, it's all over for this week.

Hold on, just got a flash weather bulletin for the Green Bay, Wisconsin area. They predict a very long and cold winter starting next Sunday.

On Basketball

by Dave Schulte

October 3rd, 4th, 5th signaled the start of the St. Leo College Basketball Program. Tryouts held on these days attracted a good crowd of spectators as well as recruits for both varsity and freshman teams. For those lucky to make the first cut on Wed. Oct. 7, there will be more practice at the Armory in Dade City before the first game on Dec. 2 at Bethune Cookman.

Last year's team was good but not great. In going to a 16-9 season with a win over Florida Tech and Biscayne College, Coach Howie Fagan's team was very impressive in the central Florida area. St. Leo rolled up a 6-2 record against teams from Florida.

Gone but not forgotten from last year's teams are three stalwart players. Larry Moore, Issac Rudd and Rick Wallace have departed from these hallowed grounds. Also gone is Coach Fagan who left to take a position at the University of Detroit.

Rebuilding is the key word when it comes to describing this year's team. A new coach, Norm Kaye, will take over the reigns of a young basketball team. Joining him are three returning lettermen and regulars from last year's team. 6'8 Greg O'Connell from Southington, Conn., Pat Monogue a 6'2 junior from Chicago and 6'8 junior Mike O'Brien all will be the building blocks of this year's team. Behind these big three will be mostly sophomores and Junior College transfers. Boys like 6'5 Mark Mitchell and Kevin Connors from Chicago will add depth at the forward spots. A 6'2 junior from Calingic Junior College, Pete Doyle will also provide additional bench strength. Mark Smith from Plant City and Steve Smith from Jacksonville are two Florida boys trying to make the team.

Prediction: This year's team will be strong off the boards with good height all around. A good defence will be the mark of St. Leo. If a starter does not do the job there will be a good bench behind him. The only weak position will be at the guard position where inexperience will hurt. Like the old saying goes, "As the guards go so do the team." St. Leo opens on the road for the first four games. The second game is against tough Providence. These games will be a prelude to a tough schedule including games in Illinois and Kentucky. A tough road ahead, and as always, only time will tell.

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DATELINE

All articles for the next edition of the Lion are due Oct. 22.

Monarchs Off To Poor Season

The St. Leo Monarchs recorded their first victory of the 1969 soccer season as they out-fought a tough Florida Presbyterian eleven on October 1.

The teams were hampered by seasonal showers throughout the contest as the game tested their endurances on the slippery turf.

St. Leo showed their strength as true mudders with solid performances by freshman Gene Lacayo and soph Pete Morris pacing the aggresive attack of the victory-starved Monarchs.

The Monarchs were on the offensive from the start as Lacayo proved his ability by booting two goals in the opening period.

Florida Presbyterian came back strongly in the second period when they scored their first goal of the contest. The Monarchs regained their composure however and played ball control the rest of the game.

Jim Williams opened the third period with his first goal of the season and St. Leo led 3-1. This roused Florida Presbyterian defense and St. Leo was shut out for the rest of the period.

With four minutes gone in the last period, Pete Morris was fouled inside the Presbyterian goal and made the most of a free shot to hand Coach Bill Edinger's young squad a 4-1 lead. Presbyterian fought back as they scored a goal in the period but Lacayo put the game on ice for St. Leo with his third goal of the game from out front. This made the score 5-2 and as the Monarchs continued to dominate play that score held up.

Although the victory brought the Monarchs out of their three game skid everything was not roses for the team. This was due to the loss of Jim Jacobson who sprained an ankle and missed the Saturday home game with Embry Riddle.

Embry Riddle invaded St. Leo October 4 and capitilized on the mistakes of the young Monarch squad as they rolled to an easy 6-2 win.

Led by Ziggy Fagbemi's 3 goals, the visitors startled goalie, Rick Rotter, by catching the Monarch goalie off guard three times in the first half. Bill Mozar of Embry Riddle scored twice and Tom Conte once as the Monarchs tasted their fourth defeat of the season.

The only bright spot of the afternoon for St. Leo were goals by Gene Lacayo and Pete Morris who are becoming much needed 1-2 offensive punch for St. Leo.

The following afternoon the Monarchs entertained the University of Georgia Soccer Club in an exciting contest.

A see-saw battle developed after a first period score by the Bulldogs's Al Yusset.

The second period began with St. Leo flexing their offensive muscles when Mike Williams scored on a quick shot from the left side of the net. The Monarchs continued to overwhelm their opponents during this period and sophomore Jim Martins pushed another score past Bulldog goalie, Phil Harney, just before the half ended.

Georgia came charging back in the 3rd period as Paluma and Prats hit on two well placed shots to put the Bulldogs in front 3-2 going into the last period. The Monarchs ruled the last period as they scrambled for a tie. St. Leo put constant pressure on the Georgia University goalie and finally were rewarded when Rick Rotter scored from in front of the goal with only four minutes of regulation play remaining. The game ended in a frantic effort by both squads to break the deadlock without success. This made it necessary for two five-minute overtime periods but both teams failed again in the first round.

With one minute gone in the second overtime period, Jim Martins placed a picture perfect pass in front of Gene Lacayo and the freshman standout laced the nets as the Monarchs took over the lead 4-3.

Luck however did not figure into the St. Leo game plan, and two minutes later the Bulldogs came back to score on a head shot by George Marguina to tie the game at 4-4, which was the final score when neither could get on the scoreboard again.

But even in a mediocre week the Monarchs are generating excitement with their improved offensive punch demonstrated by Gene Lacayo and Pete Morris. The St. Leo team has shown that it can put pressure on their opponents, a factor which has been lacking in years past.

Another interesting development was the standout performance of goalie, Jim Crane, in his net debut. Crane showed great mobility, good recovery and a fine set of reflexes against Georgia. He stopped 20 shots in front of the nets and could be part of the answer Coach Edinger is seeking to improve his forces.

With a week's rest before their next game, the young Monarchs should gain the needed maturity to pick up their second victory of the season when they invade Florida Tech in an afternoon tilt Oct. 12.

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Mets Vs Orioles

by Len Pagano

The stage has been set. The curtain unfolds. The main actors—the New York Mets, the Baltimore Orioles.

The scrappy New York Mets, baseball's Cinderella team in its centennial year, sweeped the Western Division Champion Atlanta Braves three games straight to earn the title of the National League Champs.

The rugged Baltimore Orioles, American League kingpins, became such by dumping the Minnesota Twins also by a clean sweep: the first two games being low scoring, extra inning, nipand tuck frays while the third was an 11-2 romp.

It is generally agreed that the Mets trademark, their bread and butter asset, is pitching. I would even venture to say that the young New Yorkers boast the finest and most well rounded pitching staff in all of baseball. However I am not implying that the Mets got where they did on the strength of pitching alone. Even though the old adage "pitching is the the name of the game" is, for the most part, valid, there are a number of other factors which go into the making of a winning ball club.

To accompany and back up their fine moundsmen the Mets sport a sound, stable defense and possess a well-balanced hitting attack spearheaded by Tom Agee and Cleon Jones just to name two.

To sum up, the Mets are no longer the basement dwellers they once were; they are no longer scraping the bottom of the barrel, so to speak. The Mets now find themselves on the other side of the fence where the grass is greener. They are the cream of the National League Corp. Yes, the Mets are for real. Make no mistake: they are no passing fad, no fluke, no "flash in the pan". However, they are now confronted with a most difficult chore—the obstacle which stands between them and world recognition; none other than the explosive Baltimore Orioles.

Now let us turn to the other side of the ledger. It is a foregone conclusion that the American League champs, the Orioles are one of the most dynamic teams in baseball today. Baltimore, hailed by many as the most well rounded and powerful team to set foot on the diamond within the last decade, finished with a phenomenal winning percentage of over .680!

The birds have extraordinary depth: fine pitching, a great defense, tremendous power, and a solid bench to boot. As has already been expressed, the Orioles lineup is filled with great hitters, guys who can really poke that potato. I would really hate to be the pitcher who has to face the birds star studded lineup. It is not a case where you pitch around a good hitter in order to get to someone else because all of their eight regulars wield mean sticks.

It is extremely difficult to single out any one person or any one thing for that matter, which has solely contributed to Baltimore's overwhelming success.

As with the Mets it was a solid team effort that brought them the crown. The Orioles have all the tools and they put them all to practice this year as they surged to the top of their division to stay in the early stages of the campaign.

The explosive Baltimore attack is centered around its inspirational leader Frank Robinson. Robinson is everybody's answer to the complete ballplayer. He can do it all: he hits with power to all fields, he runs the bases like a jackrabbit, he's as graceful as a gazell as he roams in the outfield and glides under balls, he has a fine arm that not many baserunners try to take advantage of, and he has that baseball know-how and instinct and instantly knows how to react to any given situation. Frank Robinson could be looked upon as a miniature Mickey Mantle. However, Robinson is far from being the sole reason for the birds success. Robinson worked much with and helped to mold a young ball player named Paul Blair into probably the finest centerfielder in baseball. Blair made an important contribution to the club this year especially in terms of his bat. He also plays centerfield like he owns it and can really uncork some good pegs. Boog Powell's stroke also played a key role in the birds success as did Dave Johnson's and a host of others.

All in all this measures up to be one of the most exciting World Series ever played: **The Mets Vs. The Orioles — The Managerial Genius of Gil Hodges Pitted Against That of Earl Weaver.** Both deserve a lot of credit for jobs well done.

This should prove to be quite an interesting series. Supposedly good pitching overcomes good hitting 90% of the time. Pitching has dominated the game for the past few years; however this year it was more or less evenly divided. Although there were thirteen twenty game winners in the majors this year, there were, on the other hand a great number of .300 hitters, the exact number of which now escapes me. The question which must then be asked is: "Is there any correlation between the lowering of the mound and the shortening of the strike zone to the sudden eruption of hitting?" Some experts seem to think so while others (such as the Mick) take the stand that the hitters had been in a slump and they just finally came around this year.

The Mets have finally come of age but can they cope with those Orioles? The answer lies in the future days ahead. A word to the wise: throw all those statistics and records out the window for anything can happen in a short series. I call it a toss-up, for I feel that both teams are pretty evenly matched.

No matter how you slice it, both teams are going to have their work cut out for them (catch the play on words) and if both squads perform as the true champions they are, we could see a series that will go down in baseball annals as "the greatest of them all".